

*The Historie of*

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgive me,  
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done,

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leysure.

*Hot.* I haue done yfayth

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottis Prisoners,  
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,  
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.  
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble Prelate, wel belou'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of *Yorke*, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His Brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroopes*.  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know.  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely flayes but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* Ifnell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.

*Nor.* Before the game's afoote, thou still letst slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choofe but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,  
To ioyne with *Montimer*, ha.

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In fayth it is exceedingly well aynd.

*Wor.* And tis no little reason bids vs speede,  
To saue our heades, by rayfing of a Head:  
For, beare our felues as enen as we can,  
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our felues vnfatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* He does, he does; wee le be teuing'd on him.

*Wor.* Coofin, farewell. No further goe in this.

Then I by Letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:  
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Montimer*,  
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

*Nor.* Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust,

*Hot.* Vncle, adue: O let the houres be short,  
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

*Act 2.* Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand. *Scene 1*

*1. Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, he be hangd,  
*Charles-waine* is ouer the new Chimny, and yet our Horse not  
packt. What *Ostler*?

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

*1. Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in  
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

*2. Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a Dog, and  
that is the next way to giue poore lades the Bots: this house is  
turned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

*1. Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of Oates  
rose, it was the death of him.

*2. Car.* I thinke this to be the most villanous house in all  
*London* roade for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

*1. Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there jis neare a King  
christen, could be better bit, thē I haue bin since the first cocke.

*2. Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a lordaine, and then  
we leake in your Chimny, and your Chamber-lie breeds  
Fleas like a Loach.

*1. Car.* What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

*2. Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ginger,  
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

*1. Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-  
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy  
head? canst not heare, & t'were not as good a deed as drinke,

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